

THE KEYSTONE 1899

IDA MARSHALL LINING,
Editor.

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Associate Editor.

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A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED
TO WOMAN'S WORK.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Official Organ for the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs.

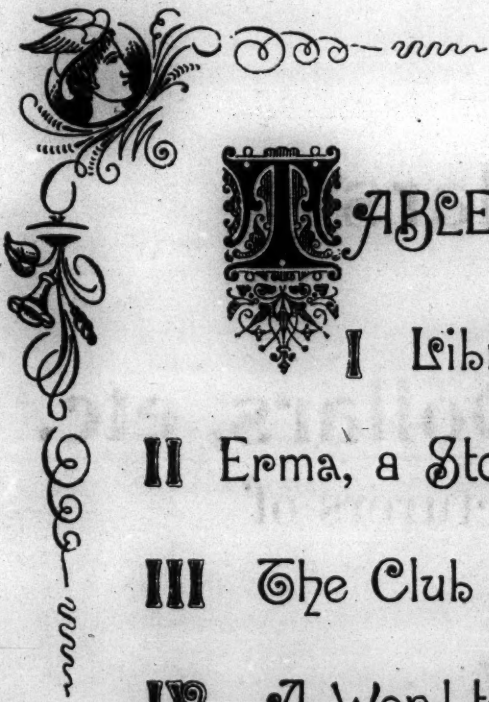


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Editorial.

The following is an extract from an article in the Saturday Evening Post, by William George Jordan. It contains a living germ of truth, and our opinion is that it cannot be too widely circulated, for this reason we do what we can to further its missionary influence. The article is headed "The Final Triumph of Right," and the thought is suggested by the developments in the Dreyfus case.

..... "Every individual has times of trial, sorrow, suffering and despair; when the lamp of hope burns low, when struggle seems useless, when the heart grows weary, then it seems that virtue pays constant assessments, while vice gets all the dividends.

Men who are dishonest, intriguing, corrupt, seem to build up great fortunes, and to mount high like the eagle, while honor creeps like a snail in the dust of poverty. But as the days go on, the man who is living his life simply and truly, begins to see events in their moral perspective.

..... The gentle moving of the hand of Time reveals the mysterious workings by which Truth always triumphs.

It requires patience, calm, gentle, steady patience, to see it all. Patience is the soil in which all the other virtues grow. It is unfailing optimism through continuous trial and struggle. It is will power expressed in bearing, in loyalty, in waiting. The only time during a man's life when he does not need to exercise patience is—during his sleep.

Those who would make patience the keynote of their lives, must learn it, and live it in two distinct phases—passive and active. Passive patience is endurance; it is the peaceful acceptance of each day's cares, sorrows, trials and worries. It is bearing without a murmur undeserved reproaches and condemnation. It is suppressing rebellion against the daily round of disagreeable duties. It is keeping self-controlled. It is living life bravely, when hope and illusion are dead. It is taking without protest those things which we like least, because it seems necessary to accept them. It is keeping one's mind and heart sweet, pure, genial, in an atmosphere of ingratitude, folly, deceit, unkindness, wilfulness, injustice and pain. It is part of the great heroism of the commonplace—the silent, unnoted, unrecognized courage of daily life.

Active patience consists of doing, not bearing. It is plodding, persistent, persevering conquest of trifles, toward the realization of an ideal—the attainment of an end. It is content with progress—no matter how slight, how trivial, how slow. It is the conservation of every ray of mental energy. It achieves all things—by working, watching, waiting. Patience should be one of the great foundation stones of every character—for its loss weakens all the other virtues, gives power and dominion to all the vices."

The majority of the teachers in the world are women. Emerson says: "Men are what their mothers make them," and we would add their *teachers*. There is always room at the top for trained, conscientious teachers. To those who have Truth as their ideal, there can be no such word as failure. Adverse criticisms cannot disturb them; they are too busy strengthening and welding together the weak links in their

own chains of character, for no one knows better than the true teacher, that "a chain cannot be stronger than its weakest link." That no one can give strength if they do not possess it.

One of the most brilliant journalistic ventures of the year is the "Anglo-Saxon Review," edited by Lady Randolph Churchill. This expensive specimen of the book binder's art (\$5.00 per copy) made its appearance simultaneously in London and New York, on July 12th. The cover of the first issue is a fac-simile of a valuable binding made in 1604, for James I of England.

It is planned that the bindings of each successive number shall be a replica of famous English bindings of the past.

The illustrations in this issue of the Review are very attractive, especially the reproduction of a rare miniature of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, of the least known portrait of Washington, by Gilbert Stuart, and of Sir Joshua Reynolds' famous Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire.

From a literary standpoint we women are most interested in the article by Elizabeth Robbins, on "A Modern Woman Born 1689."

In this paper Lady Mary Wortley Montagu is shown to have been far ahead of her times on many questions of her day.

The editor of this new Quarterly Review is an American woman, who is well known in both England and America for her brilliancy of intellect and charm of manner. Her effort in publishing the Anglo-Saxon Review is to offer an attractive setting for current literature.

Its pre-possessing appearance will win for it many friends; for the clever editor believes that with books, as well as with women, dress helps out wonderfully on a first acquaintance.

"Now that we are getting ready for our summer outing, let us try not to pack our good manners in our trunks to be hidden away until we reach our destination. So many of us regard travelling as an intermediate state where we can bully the porter, and be as disagreeable as we please to the conductor and our fellow-travellers, without in the least degree taking away from our reputation of being well-bred. Your ticket only entitles you to one seat, so don't pile your baggage around you, and glare at whoever attempts to sit by you. A pleasant smile would cause the other occupant to give you more room, than if you had greeted her with a frown, or moved your bundles with an air of resignation. When the car stops at small stations so many of us indulge in quite audible comments on the general appearance and costumes of the people who have come down to see the train. Remember that this is the only pleasure many of these people have; this is their summer outing, coming to see others pass them by; a cheery word or bright good morning would be long remembered, and brighten their day.

Because the woman in front of you has four small children to take care of, don't make it any harder for her by letting her see how they annoy you. A rosy apple from your lunch basket might quiet the fretful little boy, and at the same time please his tired mother. Better than fretting on the length and heat of the journey, try to make it pleasanter for some one else, and you will find that you are at your journey's end before you know it.

The Prize Story Contest will be open until September 1st.

SOUTH CAROLINA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS.

"Animis opibusque parati."

This department is official and will be continued monthly.
Official news and calls of Federation Committees printed here.

List of Officers.

President, Mrs. M. W. Coleman, Seneca, S. C.
Vice-President, Mrs. J. Sumpter Means, Spartanburg, S. C.
Recording Secretary, Miss Louisa B. Poppenheim, Charleston, S. C., (31 Meeting Street.)
Corresponding Secretary, Miss Mary Hemphill, Abbeville, S. C.
Treasurer, Miss E. J. Roach, Rock Hill, S. C.
Auditor, Mrs. M. P. Gridley, Greenville, S. C.

Official Notice.

At the Annual Convention in Chester, "The Keystone" was adopted as the official organ of the South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs. All clubs are urged to make use of this medium for giving publicity to all club news, as well as official news of the Federation.

Mrs. M. W. COLEMAN,
President,
South Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs.

Delegates

To General Convention, to be held in Milwaukee,
June 4th to 9th, 1900.

Mrs. M. W. Coleman. Miss Louie Wagener.
Mrs. Paul Hemphill. Mrs. Sam. Wilks.
Mrs. Cleveland Beaty.

ALTERNATES

Mrs. Fannie Blake. Miss Ethel Means
Mrs. M. P. Gridley. Mrs. Wm. Munroe.

COMMITTEE ON REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Mrs. James Adams. Miss Louisa B. Poppenheim.
Mrs. Calvert.

Library Extension.

[Paper read at Chester Convention.]

Library Extension! It has an appalling sound, this official work of ours, and there are those of us who quail just a little when we think of all it means. It means, first of all, unremitting work—work which occupies mind, body, heart and soul. It means discouragements and disappointments. It means blunders—such hopeless, stupid blunders. And in the end it may even mean failure. This is no fashionable fad that we have in hand; it is strenuous work. But—we women have the courage for it, the patience, the endurance; yes, and this is just between ourselves, we women have the brain for it; and fail? Do you believe that failure often comes to the woman who goes to work heart and brain? Why, then, should the club women of South Carolina fail?

It is worth while, this work of ours, worth all the trouble and the disappointments. We know the methods of our work; how we are going to box up books and send them to those quiet women of our State where books are not; and

alas! there are many quiet corners. We know how reading circles are to be formed, and eventually libraries built up.

The methods are important, but there is something more essential. It is the spirit of our work. What is the spirit of our work? Is it not to send to the toiling household a gleam of light and happiness, to the drudging workshop a hope and inspiration? Is it not to cause self-conquests, self-discoveries, brave resolutions, faithful devotions to ideals and hopes? Is not the spirit of our special work to make men and women stronger, wiser, better—to bring the people of our State nearer God? Is it worth while?

If this, then, is the deeper purpose of our work, what care we should bestow on our selection of books! We are told that a shipping box will hold exactly fifty books. What fifty books are we going to send? There is one way of making the selection, and I know full well how alluring the temptation is. It is that of sending books too worthless, too desperately dull for us to read ourselves. I suppose we all have one or two volumes on our home book shelves, that we would like to get rid of with a clear conscience. No one knows when they came, or why. No one has ever read them, no one ever will read them. Still, they have a certain right of possession to that top shelf. It would somehow seem morally wrong to burn them. How easy to dust them and put them in one of our travelling boxes! What a comfortable way of getting rid of old enemies!

Let us try to be honest in this work, and generous. Let us try to send only those books that are good and useful. By good books, I do not necessarily mean Sunday School books any more than by useful books, I necessarily mean cook books. Let us choose books that have helped us, the books that we love. "To fall in love with a good book," says Drummond, "is one of the greatest events that can befall us."

No one can become the friend even of one good book without being made wiser and better." Let us then send religious books, bringing strength to the heart, and purity to the soul; let us send biography, introducing some humble life made great by duty done, and history, opening vistas into the movements and destinies of nations; and poetry, making music of care and toil, and filling the fields and the woods and the skies with eternal meanings; let us send fiction, too, exploring the hidden recesses of human nature, revealing the mysteries of the human heart, and adding to the sum of human happiness. Let us send good books, and useful.

Do you feel that there is an element of danger in our venture? Are you afraid of a possible conflict between books and duty—duty to the shop, the home? Are you afraid that the toiling and the spinning will cease when the reading begins? Uncle Remus says that a book ruins a plough hand, and there is some truth in the saying. We have felt the temptation ourselves.

Few of us will fail to give all the time to books that we should like to give. Most of us are beset with loving calls of care, responsibility and duty which we must recognize and obey. "We must love our mothers more than Greek dialects," says a woman who felt the temptation. A great thing it is to be well versed in books, to have read the best literature of all time, of all nations, but an infinitely greater thing is it to fill a human part lovingly, to give a kindly smile to the joyous, to whisper a comforting message to the broken-hearted.

There is danger in reading too much, but there is greater danger in reading too little. Life gets full of the weariness, the fever and the fret; and a good book lifts us into a world

of value and peace. One thought narrows down to what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewithal shall we be clothed; and a good book refreshes and inspires us, and throws over these material things a glamour of beauty and of meaning. A woman reads Ruskin—and her hearth is swept the cleaner for it, the flowers in her vases are the fresher. She feels all the simple beauty in the poetry of Burns—and the socks and the stockings are easier darned. And what woman who cannot make a pudding all the better for loving Dickens' Christmas Carol?—a pudding so wonderful that those around the table must cram spoons into their mouths, like the young Cratchets, lest they shriek for pudding before their turn to be helped? In this work-a-day world good, human looks help, and do not hinder. The truest literature is claiming life for its material; the highest life is claiming literature for its inspiration. Let us not be afraid of sending books.

A library means so much to you and to me. It is strange that we are not on fire to start one in every hamlet in our State. Yet, we cannot help asking ourselves why it is not better to work quietly at home, where we know the work is needed? I have watched our Kennedy Library, in Spartanburg, steadily pushing forward. I know how it helps the individual; how tired women within the walls can forget for a while the dress making or the book-keeping; how men in an hour's earnest reading are lifted out of the measuring of ribbon, or the building of houses. I know what a source of help the library is to our clubs, our schools, our colleges. Why not, I ask, put all my energies on this one library that means so much to me? Strange it is that this love we bear our home libraries is fatally apt to make us selfish!

The inspiration for library work has vitalized libraries in Chester and in Union, and the Federation holds out a warm, welcoming hand to both. In Seneca, what has not been done? Since our last Convention, Seneca has a library, a free Kindergarten, and—a town clock! Good! We wish you God-speed, Seneca. May every hour your town clock strikes show a step forward in the onward march!

There is so much we are trying to do in our own houses. Our own communities need help, they need to be educated, uplifted. The old problem still haunts. Why not concentrate our work on our home libraries! Why send books out to people who may not always care for them? Why awaken all the craving and the hunger for light and knowledge that can never be satisfied? They are possibly content as they are. It is easy to look at our work in this light, and natural; and yet, if that little band of men hundreds of years ago in Galilee and Jerusalem had faced their work in such a light, how poor, how pitifully poor, the world would be to-day. There were so many to uplift just in Galilee and Jerusalem. The outside world did not care for the message they had to deliver. Why not work at home? Why fill the hearts of men with unrest, with a craving for the fullness of eternity which could be satisfied only in the presence of God?

So, then, in conclusion. If you believe that this is more than a fashionable fad; if you believe that it is really worth while; if you feel that we women are unselfish enough for it; that we have the patience and endurance, the heart and the brain for it; why, let us go ahead and work! And in the words of Tiny Tim: "God bless us every one!"—
Louise Henneman Blake.

College News.

All colleges for women in the State are invited to send notes to this Department.

September will soon be here, and busy mothers are beginning to wonder where they can send their half-grown daughters. A year or two away from home will broaden their minds, and bring a new element into the home. In South Carolina we are particularly fortunate in finding the question so easy to answer. Send your daughter to one of our Colleges.

Converse College at Spartanburg, and the Presbyterian College for Women at Columbia, are typical Colleges in the State.

Converse College was chartered by the State of South Carolina in 1889. Its purpose is the thorough education and liberal culture of women. The College is non-denominational, and distinctly Christian in its influence.

The Converse College Conservatory of Music and Concert Hall was erected last winter at a cost of \$12,000. It has thirty-four practice rooms for piano, violin, voice and organ work, and a Hall that accommodates 2,000 people. Also a three manual pipe organ, costing \$7,000, has been placed here. Under the able management of President Wilson, aided by his large and competent corps of assistants, Converse College aims at a high standard of scholarship in every department of study, and is particularly fortunate in succeeding so well in carrying out its plans.

During the year buildings costing \$30,000 have been added to the College, in addition to other donations, amounting to \$100,000.

This year the number of students is over four hundred, from twenty-two States.

On a smaller scale, but for this reason preferred by some, is the Presbyterian College for Women, at Columbia, S. C.

The College occupies the whole block on Blanding Street, known as the Hampton House. The grounds are beautiful and well kept, and afford ample room for out-door amusements. The home life is under the supervision of the Lady Principal. The College has a resident physician, Dr. Eleanora S. Everhard, who has entire care of the health of the students. This has proved of great advantage.

These Colleges are only two from the many that are now coming into prominence in our State, and we can no longer make the plea that we have no place in the State to educate our daughters. We must remember that the girl of this generation will be the mother of the next, and should be provided with a broad intellectual equipment. A good education is the foundation stone to success, and if it is unstable, no matter how hard we work, all our efforts are in vain. No better investment is known than the cultivation of our children's minds. College training teaches more than mere book learning. The College is a small world where we meet, battle with and conquer the various trials that we again encounter on a larger scale on our journey through the world. The path of life is not always strewn with roses, and when the struggle comes it is well to have some firm rock upon which we can plant our feet, and stand ready to face the winds of adversity.

Riches may take to themselves wings, but a good education cannot be taken away, and always remains a pleasure to ourselves as well as to others. We leave our children well provided for when we leave them this for an inheritance.

The Club Woman.

[Written for the Keystone.]

1.

You know her by her sweetness,
By her charming little ways,
For to hold her club position,
She must be careful what she says.

2.

She never frowns or quarrels,
She lends a helping hand,
She is a politician,
As she cannot be a man.

3.

She leads the civic meeting,
And in a long and brilliant speech,
She shows how college training,
Can produce both bread and meat.

4.

They say that college women
All have over-rated minds;
And are only filled with learning
By a process known to grinds.

5.

Yet look at all your school boards,
All your pulpits and elsewhere,
If you do not see a woman,
You find her influence there.—Tie.

Erma.

BY L. M. C.

In her blue eyes there is a far away expression, which to her observant companion shows that she is oblivious to the words he utters so earnestly, and in order to gain her attention, he touches her gently on the shoulder. She turns quickly, and her eyes take on a mischievous expression, as she says:—

"A wreck did you say, is there one along shore?"

"No, Erma, I did not say anything of the kind," he responds, with a hurt tone of voice. "I said that you would let your ambition and love of change outweigh my life-long love and devotion, and thereby wreck the lives of both."

"Ah, so that is the wreck you mean, eh? My roving thoughts had taken me so far away in other lands, that I only caught the one word 'wreck,' and this made me think that we were to have some excitement, for even the excitement of a wreck would be welcome."

"Yes, he quickly says, that is where the trouble lies—you are—"

"Now, not so fast, Octave," she interrupts, ere he can finish.

"I am not in a mood to listen to a sermon this evening, so don't try it, I pray. I have this much to say to you, and you must listen to reason."

The delicate pink in her faultless complexion deepens, and a crimson spot glows on either cheek, indicating an emotion she evidently wishes to conceal, for her voice is well controlled, and her words are low and slowly uttered, as she says: "not so fast, my dear, don't assume too much as regards my being wrecked, for I assure you I am not in the slightest danger. I know you are worked up over what I said a moment ago, and which I will not attempt now to deny, in

its fullest sense. I cannot help it, if I am intensely tired of all this. Why, I hate the very air I breathe; it stagnates me with its monotony, and I simply pant to see the outside world, yes, the world of which I dream, both night and day."

Her blue eyes brighten with an eager light, and into her voice comes an animated tone, which is intensified as she proceeds to say:—

"Just the thought of passing one's entire life in such an outlandish spot, is enough to drive one wild. The swaying of the gray moss on the trees wearies me, and the ceaseless monotone of these tireless waves out yonder, seems to me like my own funeral knell. As I look out across the shining green waters which shut me off from everywhere, my very soul cries out against it all. Can't you see that I am not of these people?—These plodding, contented Conks, whose sole ambition is to smoke, fish and dream the hours away. Yes, I hate it all; a wearied look settles upon her face, and her voice grows sad, as she concludes: "This island is terrible to me beyond description, and it puzzles me how any one could stand it."

Her companion does not reply for the next few moments, but sits silently by her side; his face is overshadowed with a gloomy expression, and a pained look comes into his dark eyes as he catches the full import of the words she utters. A tone of reproach is in his voice, as he says to her:

"Erma, you have been contented and happy with us all these years, and you must own that its very recent, this unrest of your's. It's only since the coming of that fishing party from the North a few weeks ago, that you evince such a distaste for the island and its ways. Don't think I am growing jealous, my darling," he adds quickly, as if reading her thoughts by the changing expression of her face, which he intently watches, while he speaks to her. Don't think that, I pray you, but for a week past I have had reason to fear that another is coming between us, and in consequence I have been very miserable, as you will allow, for to lose you——"

But she did not give him time to say more, for she interrupts hurriedly by saying: "Octave, don't speak as if you had a claim on me, for you haven't a particle—no, not a particle." She reiterates the last word, and emphasizes it with an impatient stamp of her foot, and with her eyes lowered, as if to avoid his, and in a positive voice she adds: "It is true you imagine you love me, and I——"

"You know quite well, Erma, that you have allowed me to love you," Octave says hotly, while a dark flush mounts over his face, and his eyes flash as they meet her's, which are raised to his face at his words, and are still fixed upon his, as he continues: "I own you would never say that you loved me, but you know full well that I have gone on from day to day living on the hope that the time would come when your heart would respond to mine, and you would own it to me."

But his eloquent pleading had little, if any effect, for before he finished, he noted a look in her eyes which told him that his words did not soften her, and he is not surprised, as she says in an impatient voice:

"Oh, do hush, Octave, don't talk to me of love and such nonsense, I am not in the mood, as I said before. Ah, just see that beautiful fish down there in the water; see, it comes near the surface, and it looks if it were all traced over with gold." She leans over and points down into the still water at her feet.

These two, Erma Vevay and Octave Touro, have been sitting for the past half hour upon a fallen cypress tree that lay beside the waters of one of those deep, silent streams (that are

but arms of the Gulf, although called creeks,) as they extend across the islands or keys. Calm, and almost deathly still, the waters of these creeks are seldom ruffled even by the faintest zephyr, for on either side so dense is the growth of mangoes, palms and bamboo vines, that the winds are shut out almost effectually. Steep banks of coral rise a few feet above the surface, and deep down, a hundred feet or more, the bottom is plainly discernible through the buoyant, pellucid water, and a fantastic scene of grottoes and caverns are made by the columns and pillars of gleaming, white coral, while great clumps of richly tinted seaweed cover the intervening spaces between, and as if to add to the weirdness of this scene, myriad angel fish are seen as they constantly move about, their finny wings straight upright, as they swim through the water, their quick motions giving the one touch of life to the otherwise dead stream.

As Erma and Octave sit beside this stream, not a sound is heard, save the faint, low cooing of a dove, some little distance away.

Octave pays little heed to the object that Erma points out, and his next words show that he does not intend to be diverted from the subject that so evidently occupies his mind, for he says: "Erma, how can you talk of fish, or any such trifle, when——"

Her white hand is placed playfully over his mouth, which ends his sentence abruptly.

Her piquant face changes slightly, the smiles that made it so bright a moment before vanish, and a little frown comes upon her smooth, white brow, as she says gravely:—

"Well, instead then, shall I tell you all the fancies that have come into my head since we have been sitting beside these gruesome waters? They are many, and strange, I assure you."

He merely looks at her in silence, and the gloom in his face deepens, as he sees that she does not intend to listen at what he has to say.

She turns her face away from him as she continues: "I have been wishing that the wave which tossed me upon this island had done its work more effectually, and sent me into another world instead; now don't look so shocked—I will go farther still. I have even deliberated the advisability of taking a near cut to that other world, by taking a plunge into these placid waters, but must own that I feel daunted by the sight of those monster crawfish, and hideous leopard sharks one catches sight of now and then; see, there goes one now, ough! she says, a look of horror coming into her face. I don't imagine they would make the most pleasant kind of neighbors, even though one dwell in those caves of coral."

"Do hush, Erma, and let's go home. I have never seen you in a mood like this before. I am sure this uncanny spot makes you talk all this nonsense; let's go, her companion says, rising to his feet; but she does not move, she merely smiles complacently, and keeps her seat, and for the next few moments occupies herself by tracing figures in the sand with a long, slender stick that she had picked up by the wayside. Again he insists upon their going away, to which she replies:—

"No, Octave, I don't wish to go yet, shaking her head in a most decisive manner. It is cool and quiet here, so let's wait until the sun is lower; it is still high enough to make our walk home very unpleasant, but if you are determined to go, I will be compelled to go with you, as I don't care to be alone here, for one scarcely knows what might happen. You know the island people all seem to think that the phantom crew of the old pirate Cezar, haunts this stream, and if they

were to take a notion to come up and tie their boats to those rings over there, I should not enjoy the sight if I were alone."

As she speaks she points across to three or four huge, rusty, iron bolts and rings, that are firmly embedded in the coral wall opposite.

With a half smothered sigh of resignation, Octave reseats himself beside her, and as he does so, he says:—

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

"A Word to the Wise."

Every woman (club woman or not) should be particular in the matter of dress. It is the duty of every one to look her best on all occasions. In bestowing care and attention on her costume, a woman honors her hostess and the occasion. So many speak of a "church dress" or a "Sunday dress." What does this mean? Where did the idea come from? The best in the wardrobe is put on, certainly not for the mere vanity of showing what is in it, nor for the desire to outshine a neighbor, but rather to honor the church and even the Master whose building it is. A woman should be as careful in her dress when preparing for a club meeting, or a visit of charity, as she is in arranging her toilette for a "grand social function," remembering that in these meetings and calls she comes in contact with less fortunate women, and by her extreme beauty and style she may give more pleasure to others looking on admiringly, than she herself had in planning.

It is a mistaken idea that because the women around us do not dress carefully (either because they do not know how to do so, or because they have not the means,) that there is no necessity for us to dress. It rests with each woman to do the best she can in every sphere of life. There is no doubt that dress has its influence; even the most serious minded, the most masculine, has to acknowledge this. There is a certain courage that comes to a woman when she knows that her shoes and gloves are immaculate; that there are no pins to drop out—in short, when she is confident that she is suitably gowned in a well made, becoming costume. So often women who are working for the higher culture injure themselves and their cause by thinking that dress is frivolity and vanity, and by their neglecting its study, they go to the other extreme.

Who does not enjoy beautiful things? What woman is not made more beautiful by giving thought to her dress? If she realizes what colors most become her complexion, and what material and style are most appropriate to her figure, she is sure to look more artistic than she would if her dresses were made hap-hazard. She should understand the combination of colors, and use her knowledge of lines, curves, colors and effect.

By these remarks I do not mean that a woman should devote her whole life to the study of dress, to the exclusion of everything else, but that she should think of it as an important factor in a woman's life.

Good advice from a wise master is:

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy, rich not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

A CLUB WOMAN.

The News and Courier says editorially:

"The subscription price of The Keystone is 50 cents a year. The first number is worth that much. All intelligent women in the State ought to take it and read it, and of course the men will have to take it in self-defense."

Club Column.

MANAGER, MISS LOUISE B. POPPENHEIM, CHARLESTON, S. C.

All Clubs in the State are invited to send notes to this department, which will be continued monthly.

Charleston.

The Memminger School Alumnae Association held their Eighth Annual Re-union and Reception on the afternoon of June 30th, 1899.

In the absence of the President, Miss McMillan, the Vice-President, Mrs. John P. Sanders was hostess, and Mr. Henry P. Archer welcomed the graduates of this year.

Miss LaCoste prepared the following program, which was heartily enjoyed by all present.

Piano Solo—"The Federation March," by Miss Lottie Rouse.

Chorus—"Brightly the Morning," by Miss Corinne Nathans, Memminger Musical Club, and Messrs. Warren, Chase, Ansel and Sumter Brux.

Instrumental Duet—"Stradella," by Misses Brux.

Recitation—"An Old Sweetheart of Mine," by Miss Gertrude Muncaster (winner of the Alumnae Medal for elocution).

Vocal Solo—"Waltz Song," by Miss Nathans.

Piano Solo—"Waltz," by Miss O'Neill.

Double Quartette—"Come Like a Beautiful Dream," by Misses Smith, Williams, Halsey, LaCoste, and Messrs. Warren, Chase, Ansel and Brux.

After this program refreshments were served, and the evening closed with an informal reception.

Among our guests were: Commissioners Julian Mitchell, Dr. Leiby, Mr. Stelling, Superintendent Henry P. Archer and Mrs. Archer, Professor and Mrs. Tate, Mr. and Mrs. Whitman, Mrs. Lining, Mrs. Kent, Mrs. Whittaker, and Miss Louie Wagener.—Lottie Rouse.

Abbeville.

The club women looked forward to the coming of "The Keystone" this month, for we all wanted to see what our official organ would be, and all read with pleasure of the different clubs.

I write this month not to tell of the Abbeville club, but of a brand new club six miles from us. This club as yet has no name, but it has at its head women who will give it a place in their homes, and a place in their hearts.

Warrenton is a country settlement made up of the very best and most intelligent people of our County. The men are prosperous farmers, and these long summer days the women feel the need of something of mutual interest to bring them together. They were kind enough to invite me to come to Warrenton, and Thursday, the 20th, when the organization of a woman's club was effected. I feel safe in saying that in time it will become a factor in the club world, and an honor to the Federation.

The meeting was held at the home of Mrs. Frank Wilson, a woman interested in all that tends towards the uplifting of her sex. Twelve women responded to the invitation to meet, and several sent excuses and the assurance that they would meet with the club next time.

Those present were: Mrs. Frank Wilson, Mrs. M. H. Wilson, Mrs. P. A. Cheatham, Mr. J. T. Cheatham, Mrs. S. A. Allen, Miss Jane Thomas, Miss Lila Wilson, Miss Ida Penney, Mrs. J. W. Thomas, Miss Maggie Brooks.

Of these Mrs. Frank Wilson was elected President; Mrs. M. H. Wilson, Vice-President; and Mrs. P. A. Cheatham, Secretary.

The club will have the use of a Seaboard Travelling Library, and will be a reading and current topic club, which will meet every two weeks.

I feel a special interest in this club, and I know the women of the Federation will join me in wishing them a pleasant, successful year, and that it will bring into their lives all the brightness and pleasure that clubs have brought into the lives of many other women.

MARY HEMPHILL.

Laurens.

The Wednesday Club.—This club was organized in January, 1896. We have fifteen members. The meetings are held every other Wednesday afternoon, at the home of some member. The literary work of the past year was the study of English Writers of the Nineteenth Century, with the exception of one meeting that was spent in the interest of Current Topics—principally "Our New Possessions."

We are devoting our three months vacation in trying to establish a course of lectures during the winter months—not only for the benefit of our club, but for the good of our little town.

Our study for next year will be France. Great interest is shown in our subject, and we are looking forward to the work with much pleasure, and we hope, great profit.

The last meeting for the year was held June 21st, when the following officers for ensuing year were elected:

President—Mrs. Frank McGowan.

Vice-President—Mrs. Ran Little.

Secretary—Mrs. Foster Simpson.

Treasurer—Mrs. W. E. Lucas.

Respectfully,

MRS. FOSTER SIMPSON,
Secretary "Wednesday Club."

Chester.

While the "Up-to-Date" Club does not formally adjourn for the summer months, the regular line of work is suspended, and programmes demanding less from tired brain and enervated body are arranged for the heated term. So many of the members flit to mountains or to seashore, that a full attendance is never looked for at this season, but those who chance to be in town on club day attend loyally and cheerily, and some of the most delightful meetings of the year are those of midsummer.

The June meeting held just after the meeting of the State Federation, was to have witnessed a debate on the following subject: "Is the Meeting of the State Federation Beneficial to the 'Inviting' Club?" But as all the members with one accord, arrayed themselves upon the affirmative side, debate was out of the question. After an animated discussion, it was decided that the Convention made for mental exhilaration, social enjoyment and intellectual 'expansion,' while giving new zest and piquancy to club life and effort. All agreed that the clubs had honored Chester, by sending specially strong delegations, and the description of individual delegates, ran the whole amount of adjectives from sweet, charming and lovely, to clever, brainy and brilliant; each woman going home more satisfied than ever, that she had entertained the most fascinating delegates sent to the Convention.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.]



Kings's Daughters.



The King's Daughter's Riverside Infirmary Association.—At a general meeting of The International Order of the King's Daughters and Sons in the State of South Carolina, held in Charleston, on February 10th, 1899, the question of co-operative work for the Order was taken up for consideration. Two projects proposed were a Free Kindergarten, or the establishment of a room at the Riverside Infirmary, where needy and deserving sick would be taken care of free of charge. Both projects had strong adherents, the scope of each was set forth by able supporters. After hearing both sides, the vote taken resulted in favor of the room at the Riverside Infirmary. At a later meeting fuller developments were taken up and officers elected.

President—Mrs. James Connor.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. C. G. Mathewes, Mrs. H. Klatte.

Secretary—Miss Martha B. Washington.

Treasurer—Miss Lula Lee.

Each leader of a Circle is a member of the Board of Managers; the Circles are also entitled to one Representative for every ten members. Revenue is from monthly pledges paid by the Circles; every member of the Board pays annually one dollar. Each Associate Member pays one dollar annually; any white man, woman or child is eligible for membership upon the payment of this sum annually.

The list of Associate Members is not half so large as it should be, or as the value of the work entitles it to. Any friends desiring to enroll themselves as Associate Members will be welcome, or any Circle desiring to join this co-operative State work, will please communicate with Miss Lula Lee, Treasurer, No. 178 Ashley Avenue, Charleston, S. C.

Three months after organization, having a balance of about fifty dollars, we determined to accept the first patient; some doubted the wisdom of this step, but others felt it would be an evidence that we were in earnest. The question had long since been decided that the benefits of the work were eligible to patients from all parts of the State; thus our first was from Kershaw County, she was followed by one from Clarendon, and so on, from the seaboard to the mountains, we try to aid all, and thus far our "Work of Faith" has been sustained. We have never been absolutely penniless; in October last the state of the treasury, \$2.95, and the application for admission of two patients, both of them deserving of assistance, was for the time a difficult problem, but woman's wit went to work, an almost impromptu Birthday Tea was arranged, from which was realized money enough for the present pressing need. The work is barely more than a year old, and so gently have we been "led on step by step," that we are now about to receive our ninth patient.

Will not some of the readers of The Keystone, in looking for some charitable work in which to interest themselves, bear in mind "The King's Daughter's Riverside Infirmary Association?" And above all remember its benefits are not local, that aid given us reaches afflicted sufferers in all parts of the State, giving them the benefit of what they would be otherwise deprived, the treatment and comfort as supplied by an "up-to-date" Infirmary, free of cost to the patient, who, with this burden of care lifted for her, does her share in trying to get strong, and more fit for the battle of life. In this our record has been remarkable, each patient has recovered, and been enabled to "go on her way rejoicing."

The Federation Tree.

Encircled by a halo of glorious associations and wreathed about with memories of momentous deeds, is the chosen symbol of the Federation of Women's Clubs of South Carolina. Federated for noble purposes, with hands joined for the better accomplishment of the greatest good, the army of devoted toilers will march under the banner which has been the inspiration of patriotic and heroic endeavor in the past,—which shall still be the standard of loyalty, right, and progress in the future.

From the earliest times of European civilization on our Southern shores, the palmetto has been an object of liveliest interest, attracting the attention of scientists, poets, romancers, and utilitarians. To the foreign visitant, first beholding the pristine stately shafts waving aloft their graceful crests among the rich verdure of this fair wonder-land, the scene must have been one of rare charm and delight.

But it was when Sir Peter Parker, with his splendid fleet, every vessel carrying fifty big guns each, made his bold attempt to capture Charleston, that the palmetto leaped into fame and grand significance. In the arrogance of his strength and powerful equipment, Sir Peter doubtless viewed with scorn the puny breastworks, and modest Fort Sullivan constructed of palmetto logs and sand bags, appearing as mere dunes on the island. But intrepid spirits and patriot hearts often prove invulnerable. Moultrie and his gallant band stood behind those sand heaps and palmetto trunks, and surely discomfited the haughty invader, and disabled his mighty ships.

After this brilliant victory to American arms, Col. William Moultrie in recognition of tough palmetto fibre as a valuable adjunct of defence in resisting hostile shot, devised a flag in which the patriot tree formed the chief and distinguishing feature. His design—a palmetto in white on a blue field, charged also with a white crescent in the upper left hand corner, was submitted to the proper authorities, and was at once adopted as the State Flag of South Carolina.

Who, among her sons and daughters, does not look upon that beautiful ensign with emotions of pride and deep devotion? For has it not ever been borne in the fore front with honor and victory, from the past to the present? From the plains and peaks of Mexico to the sanguine field of Manassas?

From out the historic past glowing with the fervid love of the Southland, and the valorous deeds of heroes, gleams the fadeless lustre of Fort Sumter's part in the grand and terrible struggle for justice and inherent Constitutional rights. The palmetto standard was the first to float over the ramparts of the Gibraltar of the Western World, after the surrender of Major Anderson and his garrison.

There it triumphantly waved in token that a great principle can never die,—that a valiant people will cherish it forever!

Without doubt the red men of Carolina's seaboard and islands were wont to assemble and hold their councils of war among the palms, so thickly studding the sandy tracts; and it is a pleasant fancy that happy Indian lovers found oft a trysting place beneath their rustling leaves.

The great tribe of *Palmaceæ* embraces nearly a thousand species, which are widely distributed over the tropical and sub-tropical climes of the earth. Excepting a few species discovered in Southern California, only five are indigenous to the United States, and these are confined to the seacoast of the South Atlantic and Gulf States. Contiguity to the sea seems essential to their existence, since they are not found beyond the influence of salt air.

All our native species here are known under the general name of palmetto, their common or local names being the Dwarf, Creeping, Saw, Blue, and our typical tree, "The Palmetto." In the early days of European colonization, many botanists, resident and visiting, as Elliott, Walter, Bartram, Adamson, the two Michaux, Nutall and Fraser, studied their habits and characteristics, and scientifically described them. Dr. F. A. Michaux, son of the great botanist, in his travels in this country speaks of the Sabal Palmetto, (the *Chamærops* Palmetto of his father—our emblem tree,) as the "cabbage palm." But Dr. Shecut, in his "Flora Carolinensis," declares the true cabbage palm to be the "*Areca Oleracea*" of the West Indies, whose majestic columns "rise to the height of one hundred and seventy to two hundred feet."

Our *Chamærops* or Sabal Palm attains a height of thirty and fifty feet. It also supplies a "cabbage" esteemed as a delicious table vegetable. This dainty is the terminal bud of the trunk, and of course when taken destroys the tree. This heart or core consists of the thin, white, succulent, embryonic leaves, overlapping each other, and resembling in appearance plates of ivory. They are tender and brittle, with a delicate flavor, and taste of sweet almonds. After boiling in soft water, dressed with olive oil or drawn butter, or with a rich velvety mayonnaise, it forms a dish that would grace a Lucullan feast. Cut in squares or fancy shapes from cross sections of about an inch in thickness, or minced for Axjar, and treated with good vinegar and spices, it becomes a most excellent pickle. Palmetto has been proved to be the most durable of all timber, and almost indestructible under water. Hence its value for the construction of wharves and jetties, more especially since it is not attacked by the "*Teredo navalis*" or ship worm, which plays such speedy havoc with other woods. Besides, the spongy, yet tough and elastic nature of its texture, has demonstrated its eminent fitness for use in military works of defence.

The structural character of the palmetto is peculiar and interesting. Like all endogens, it has no bark proper, being composed of a pith-like substance, throughout which are distributed queer bundles of woody fibres closely compacted together, and pressed toward the exterior or rind. By the continual deposition of matter and the formation of new bundles of fibres within, the outer portion becomes extremely hard and horny. This indurated fibrous tissue is susceptible of high polish, and is extensively manufactured into walking canes, the grotesque graining forming their chief attraction.

The economic uses of this family of palms, varied and highly important as they are, are too numerous and too well known to need mention. It has been declared that no order of plants, save that of Gramineæ, containing the precious cereals, furnishes so many supplies for the uses of man, as that of the palms. In the July number of Meehaus' Monthly just to hand, it is asserted that in 1876 both the present managers of the Hotel Ormond, Florida, lived in log camps thatched with leaves of our common palmetto; and that at the same period camps constructed of poles and covered entirely, sides and roof, with the leaves were in ordinary use, and known as palmetto shanties.

Clustering around our banner tree are many fascinating associations. They transport us to their illustrious relatives in the far Orient; to the templed plains and sacred groves of India; to the Cingalese, whose sacred books of Buddha are written on the laminæ of its leaves. We are shown a vision of their majestic kindred of the Nile, and the lofty crowns of feathery foliage which rustle and whisper to the mystic pyra-

mids. We breathe the fragrant airs of "Araby the Blest," and behold the traveller of the scorching desert, faint with thirst and heat, inspired with fresh hope and vigor as he catches a glimpse of palmy fronds in the distance; for he knows there is joy and rest in the oasis, and water to cool his parched tongue.

But it is the blessed date tree of Palestine which must appeal strongest of all to our interest and reverential regard. For apart from the great benefaction to mankind in its fruit, this palm above all others is ennobled by lofty sentiment, and held sacred as furnishing the "palm branches" which were strewn in the path of Christ in his triumphal entry into Jerusalem! Have they not ever since most eloquently typified glorious conquest, symbolizing the final triumph of good over evil, when His Redeemed shall stand before the Throne with palms of victory in their hands?—Elizabeth L. H. Willis.

The July meeting was held at the home of the Recording Secretary, one of the organizers of the club, and such an ardent club woman, that she radiates enthusiasm, and creates an 'atmosphere' of which each member is conscious, and to which each is responsive. In view of the coming Reunion of Confederate Veterans in Chester, the club decided to review the history of the Civil War, and each member was to describe one of the battles that wrote down in blood the history of that mighty struggle. From Sumter to Appomattox they followed the great war-drama, dwelling specially upon the fatal Virginia fields, where so many of Chester's brave sons laid down their lives. Each description was vivid, and the eloquence was nothing marred, if these daughters of Southern sires, found sometimes their voices tremulous, and their eyes moist, as they pictured the superb valor and self-sacrifice of those ragged, war-worn Veterans, who even in defeat won the laurels of unsurpassed courage.

To pass from the heat of battle to the delights of peace, as represented by delicious refreshments, was a charming transition, and proved the boasted adaptability of the clubwoman.

With unabated zeal for club work, even in summer, and claiming that heat cannot destroy, nor "custom stale" its infinite variety, the club adjourned to meet again in August.

A LOYAL UP-TO-DATER.

General Federation News.

Now that our Federation is in the G. F. W. C., it is natural to suppose that all our Club Women are interested in the action of its Board. If we are ever to amount to anything in the General Federation we must keep ourselves posted on all measures which come up for discussion in its Board and Council meetings, and for this reason the following outline is given to the club women of South Carolina.

The Council meeting of the G. F. W. C. was held at the New Century Club Building in Philadelphia, on June 2nd and 3rd. At this meeting, which was attended by one hundred delegates, a committee was appointed by the Chair to formulate a plan for the admission to the G. F. W. C. of National Societies and to arrange for their representation and dues.

"The Club Woman" was adopted as the official organ of the G. F. W. C.

A plea for a committee to formulate a plan for a re-organization of the Federation came from the President of the Pennsylvania State Federation. A committee of fifteen

was appointed to undertake this work according to the resolutions presented by Pennsylvania.

The next Biennial will be held at Milwaukee, on June 4-9 inclusive, 1900.

The next Board meeting of the G. F. W. C. will be held in November.

The Ice Mission.

The Ice Mission, which gives to God's poor—the sick and aged ones—the much needed "cup of cold water in His Name,"—has been conducted by the Golden Rule Circle for eleven years, with varying success. Although the interest of the public is not always encouraging, we are not disheartened, for the King whom we serve has greatly blessed the work of love and faith. The chairman would report \$86.70 expended since June 1st, 1899. 14,800 pounds of ice distributed.

Most of the charitable institutions are kept supplied during the summer with tickets, and efforts are made to reach those to whom ice is a necessity; among this class we have on our list nine typhoid fever cases, several in the last stages of consumption, and one pitiful cancer patient.

Surely even the angels of heaven must rejoice with these poor creatures over such a blessing as our Ice Mission.

"Busy Club Women" helped!

The Keystone is prepared to furnish programs and outlines of study for clubs. For further particulars apply to the Manager of the Club Column.

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